# His Dreams

By EDITH GRAY

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Richard Marston, the young Amercan seated within, translated to him- above, his thoughts turned to Natalie self, "My soul, my life, I love you," and flung aside his cigarette in a sudden gesture of despair. "My soul, my love you! Truly, of what use his daring plunge into the mountain tumber camp of El Oro, this exile from friends and family in persistent quest of forgetfulness? Of what use when the forgetting is as far distant, pow, in the continual round of tedious duties, the overseeing of Indian gangs and balancing of numberless accounts, as it was in the first days?"

The long hours of morning toil brought, for a time, detachment and mental relaxation, but when evening came with its crying demand for physical rest, its breathing of wind in the oak trees and glittering of first stars above the shadowy pines, Marston was invariably overwhelmed with old memories, and a slender girl, red cloaked, her bood drawn over her soft brown hair, stood once more before him, gazing wistfully outward through her tear-dimmed eyes. Unnumbered times, had the bitterness of that parting been renewed.

"My soul, my life, I love you!" Marsion tilted his chair legs back girl; "Dick, please, Dick, forget." against the crude, unfinished boards, and stared meditatively out through the open window. His glance ignored the miserable out-lying huts of the laboring half-breeds, passed along the narrow dirt road, cut and seamed with the continual repassing of the heavy loads and lingered above on the hillside, where, its lights gleaming



"My Soul, My Life, I Love You."

stood the comparatively princely cottage of his friend and employer, Lewis Pemberton, promoter and engineer.

Several days ago Lewis Pemberton had designed to confide to his attendant corps a fact that had long since been suggestted by the radiant shining of his eyes and his frequent outbursts of gay, impulsive laughterthat the young lady, back home, had finally come to a favorable decision, and was now expected, accompanied by her mother and several friends, to spend a month or so in the crude but hospitable shelter of her fiance's cot-Pemberton had selected three of the boys to act as guides and general cavaliers to the ladies during off hours-Newton, Jim Howard and Joung Dick Marston.

Newton and Howard had jumped at the invitation but Dick had shaken his head with finality, pleading that he was too busy. Pemberton had replied, "Wait till you see the girls, my boy," and had laughed immoderately.

What pleasure could companion ship with any girl be since Natalie had gone? At best these friends of Pemberton's betrothed would be colorless, insipid creatures, or the usual forward type of chattering girls. Natalle, with her deep, grave eyes, her tactful understanding, her unfailing sympathy, had spoiled him for the frivolous banter of the girls whom Newton and Jim Howard were now finding so enchanting in their first enthusinstic greetings at Pemberton's festive little cottage on the hillside.

To Marston, accompanied by his lonefiness and sorrow, occasional peals broken snatches of conversation and th' last tin years?"-Success.

Outside the shack a Mexican half- | song, softened by the distance and weed strummed his guitar and sang the trees, floated downward through a voice inclined to nasality, but the night. He closed his eyes in hopenot utterly unmusical, the refrain of less surrender to homesick, longing popular song then much in vogue depression. And, even now, in the midst of gloom, seared and overshadowed by the contrasting gayety

> and the days long past. How sweet she had been! How brave! How loyal to her cross-grained old father, who, in a burst of ungovernable rage, had forbidden Mar ston the house and further communi cation with his only daughter! It was on that never-to-be-forgotten night of humiliation and dismay that Natalie had explained, out under the stars of the great suburban estate.

> "You see, Dick, he's very old, and mother left him to me when she died. 'Always think first of your father,' she said, and so, Dick dear, you had better go away somewhere, for I can't possibly marry you. Go away some where and forget."

He had gone away, to the ends of the earth, it had seemed. At first, he had received unselfish little letters from his far-away sweetheart, but soon these were entirely dropped, and his only news of her was gleaned from the month-old newspapers from home. But, in spite of seeming indifference on her part, and persistent endeavor on his, he had in no way followed out the injunction of the piteous, pleading

Not even, after a long period of neglect on the part of the social section, when he had perceived this glaring headline, final and complete, "Broker's Daughter Betrothed-Miss Vernon to Wed Son of British Peer," had he denounced the loved one.

Natalie, Natalie. Without, the wind whispered tender things to the towering pines, and the stars still shone, unheeding and unmindful of his hurt. Only the guitar, sounding mellow and deep toned, seemed in sympathy with the throbbing tyrant, bound fast within his breast. "My heart, my soul, I love you."

For a long time he sat there, his eyes closed, oblivious to his surroundings. So completely had he been swept onward by the ever-increasing current of his deep imaginings, that when he opened his eyes again, it seemed that a strangely familiar figure stood framed within the doorway. The rising moon from without enhaloed her soft brown hair, a beavy cloak enfolded her; her hands reached outward, and even in the shadows he saw the questioning wonder of her eyes.

She stepped forward, trembling and half afraid. "Dick, you haven't forgotten? I came with Ellen Du Val. Lewis Pemberton's flancee. Lewis knew from the beginning. He told me to find you here."

The boy's chair legs were still tilted carelessly against the wall, his mud-caked boots twisted rakishly about them, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Though he had been lounging thus for the last hour in meditative abandon of despair, he did not feel the cramped unnaturalness of his position, nor the growing ache getful had he been of his physical self in the pain of despondency.

Even now, confronted by the entrancing little figure, he did not move a muscle, so assured was he that it was but the embodiment of his dreams before him. Surely, if he quivered a fraction of an inch, the silvery shimmering of the moon-crowned head would vanish utterly into the fathomless nowhere whence it had so suddenly arisen. Dreams are good. He would go on dreaming.

"Dick, you don't understand. You see father-father-" The voice faltered, then continued brokenly. "Father died and there is no one to care now. I thought that you might still want me, Dick, and so I came."

He managed to stammer, as one addressing a pleasantly shimmering but utterly impractical delusion. "The Englishman!'

She laughed, "Dick, foolish Dick, it was only a rumor! Surely you never believed!"

He stood then, his arms stretched outward in a great longing for possession, and she found her way to

toned, melodious. "My soul, my life, I love you."

### New Wrinkles.

Without a voice was raised, sweet

An Irishman desired to become naturalized, and after the papers were signed the judge turned to him. "Now, Dennis," he said, "you can vote."

"Will this ceremony," inquired the new citizen, "hilp me t' do ut anny of girlish laughter mingled with bether than Oi have been votin' for

### OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

Are Married, According to Magazine Writer.

The interesting and delightful men up all married, writes Philippa Lyout years ago, about the same time I discovered that none of the eligible men of my acquaintance would ever do as husbands.

It has made me wonder if good husbands are born and not made, or whether it is the refining influence of "other women" in their lives that made them so adorable. Very lkely that is it-or else they had good ers, who began their education time immemorial has been the day of men. Are the good old days, a bushand and wife had no ght for anyone on earth but one

All the Interesting and Delightful Men another, really gone and is everyone discontented and groaning under his matrimonial chains and fetters? Is the real reason why we attract or are attracted by other women's husbands that we are unattainable or forbidden? It cannot be true! There must be something less petty than the crying of the child for the moon behind it all

There are bachelors down town, too, many of them. But somehow, those whom I meet seem crude and uninformed in comparison with the "other women's husbands," Immature and untactful. Back in my little country Rock hen with the hatching of her chicks, picking off little bits of shell from the round balls of feathers and helping in my clumsy way that the chick might got its bearings. I am always wanting, figuratively,

# Hints For Hostess



TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

For Hallowe'en.

From the voluminous correspondence which has poured into the office regarding "Hallowe'en" it would seem that every reader, old and young, rich or poor, intended to celebrate on this most fascinating festival day. Madame Merri sincerely hopes that there has been something in the departments to

suit the needs of all Here is a very simple method of de termining one's future partner in life.

It is called the "yarn" test: At the stroke of midnight the girls must all go upstairs, the men remaining in the hall below. Then each maid in turn drops a ball of light yarn over the banisters. Of course, she must hold tightly to one end of the yarn and remain unseen when she throws it

The men scramble for the ball, and the one who gets it, when the yarn is drawn taut by the girl above, must reply by giving his true name when the unseen holder says "who holds?"

If he recognizes her voice, so much in their favor; if the girl drops the end she holds, she will remain unmarried; if the yarn breaks she will not marry any of the men present on this occa-

This test is always sure to provide refreshments or for any game where it is necessary to choose partners.

#### A Superstition Party.

A ladder was put up on the front cats in the neighborhood were borrowed for the occasion and salt was spilled in front of each plate at the table. The party was on Friday, on the thirteenth day of the month, and each guest was asked to tell his favorite superstition. The favors were scissors, knives and tiny purses without the proparty was that no one died within the year, all remained good friends, and, in spite of the looking glass which the hostess shattered just before going in the dining room, none had bad luck.

This affair could be combined with Hallowe'en stunts and make a jolly time for tomorrow night or during the week, when fads and fancies pertain which are not cheerful for the sick ing to the mystical day are in order. room.

Quotations for Hallowe'en.

In the way of quotations for place cards the hostess has a store of riches from which to draw by consulting Shakespeare or Burns. A few apt sen timents are given:

And in this mood will give us anything. This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin.

There swims no goose so gray But soon or late She finds some honest gander For her mate.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. When the stars shoot,

And the owls hoot,
And bats fly in and out,
When the fire burns blue,
And the candle, too,
Witches are about. Double, double, toll and trouble; Fire burn and caldron bubble,

Fresh dawning Hallow Eve! Sweet, new-old Hallow Eve! For what thou wert, for what thou art, Thrice welcome, Hallow Eve!

Telling Fortunes. Fortunes may be told by the tradi-tional "three bowls." Place three bowls, or saucers (as they are more convenient), on a table, one filled with water, one with milk and the other empty. Each maiden is then blindfolded, turned around three times and a happy ending to the party, and it is started in the direction of the bowls. also a means of pairing the guests for If she dips her finger in the water, she will marry a bachelor, if in the milk her husband will be a widower, while if her finger touches the empty dish she is fated to remain single. After each one makes the test the order of porch so all would have to pass under the bowls must be changed so as to it to enter the house. All the black prevent those who watch from knowing which is which.

#### The Egg Fortune.

The correspondent who asks for a new Hallowe'en fortune test may find the following suitable for her purpose: For this potent formula for peering into the future an absolutely new laid verbial "lucky cent." The result of this egg is necessary. Drop the white only into a glass or cold water. A clever seer will then foretell the future from the queer shapes which the albumen

> assumes. MADAME MERRI. Color for Sick Room Always choose for an invalid brightly colored flowers rather than white,

## Two Dainty Gowns



THE gown at the left is of black | a chantilly lace and liberty. The skirt is of liberty covered with a tunic of chantilly which is finished with a wide sash of liberty crossed in the back.

The corsage is of chantilly with large collar of beaded embroidery finished in front by a knot of liberty. The girdle is of liberty, fastened with

Jabot From Handkerchief.

chief is a sensible and inexpensive

solution of the necktie problem for

Cut diagonally in half, the hand-

the business woman.

The jabot made of half a handker-

roses at the side. slightly forward from the hips up, the weight on the balls of the feet, never on the heels, the knees held together, the arms hanging naturally at the

The other gown is of pale green lib-

erty and mousseline de sole of the same shade. The skirt is of liberty

with draped tunic of mousseline de

The corsage is also of liberty cov

ered with a sort of plaited pelerine of

the mousseline de soie. The chemi-

sette is of white lace; the girdle, as

designed, is of liberty, with knot of

s le, caught at the side by roses.

kerchief, if a plain one, will admit of extra trimming along its already hemstitched edges.

Part of the finish being provided. there but remains to be added the

on the other. Pressed into shape, the jabot is mounted along its diagonal raw edges upon a small band stitched by machine, and by this it is secured be neath the turnover collar.

jabot and a jabot and a delicate clung

A Graceful Carriage. It is one of the chief of a woman's

It is equal in importance to beauty, a fact which young debutantes with a natural wish to "make an impression" would do well to remember. The first thing to learn is how to old the body correctly when stand-

sides, the chin up, the chest forward and the abdomen in.

In walking, a good rule for beginners is to ignore the knee joint, and, carrying the chest uplifted, try to get a good, free swing from the hips. If you can see the bump, bump of the skirt against the knee, the action is still wrong.

There is, however, a difference be tween swinging the leg and swinging the hip alone. The latter produces an ugly walk.

The quaint, old-time handkerchier or glove boxes made of glass and bound with ribbon, by which the sides and top and bottom were beld in place, are being revived and make acceptable gifts for almost any anni-versary. The glass can be easily cut into any size and shape and the oxes have a certain advantage over there in that they can be easily



### INEBRIATE IS DEAD WEIGHT

Progress Is Pushing Drunkard to One Side With Relentless Force-Old Order Was Kind.

If conditions 60, 70 or 80 years ago were considered, the decrease shown in inebriety would be most striking, one drunkard being found in a thousand where formerly there were probably 20 or 30. In the early days of the republic, whisky was an article of wide consumption, made so because it was the only alcoholic stimulant easily obtainable at a distance from the sea coast, and because large quantities of grain could be profitably converted into liquor in the interior communities.

Economic causes have operated powerfully to diminish hard drinking. Fifty or 60 years ago there were thousands of communities in which professional men could drink to excess without suffering in public opinion. Now such offenders would quickly lose their standing, and not only professional men, but workers in all the trades, especially those in which machinery is employed, are obliged to keep sober in order to hold their places. The inebriate is a dead weight in modern society, says New York Tribune. The older order was more than kind to him, but the newer is relentless. The younger generation has accurate views on that point, and the proportion of young men handleapping themselves with drinking habits is becoming smaller every year. Young men nowadays are too intent on other things to be greatly attracted by the cheap lure of dissipation.

All progress in the past half century has helped the cause of moderation. Legislation has been appealed to both to end the sale of liquors and to regulate it. But economic and educational pressure has done more than legislation to put a rigorous ban on

#### THEY ARE SOBER ENGINEERS

Stringent Rules Against Drunkenness Enforced by Brotherhood-One Notable Example.

It is safe to say that no other union, club or organization of any sort applies quite such heroic treatment to undesirable citizens as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. One thing that the brotherhood most strenuously insists upon is that its members shall not drink. Thirty-five members were expelled for getting drunk in 1909, and their shame was publicly proclaimed in the Journal. The treatment does not stop here by any means. The brotherhood will not risk the lives of its members and the general public by permitting a drinking man to run an engine, writes Charles Frederick Carter in Century. When a man has been duly convicted of drinking and punished according to the laws of the order, the facts are laid before the proper authorities on the road that employs him, and his discharge is demanded. In one notable instance the engineer of a fast train got drunk during his layover and disgraced himself. He was tried, convicted and expelled, the management was informed, and the offender's dis-charge requested in regular form. But as the engineer had been a good man. the railroad company demurred, saying that he had not been drunk while

on duty. "But," said the brotherhood, "there is no telling when a man who gets drunk off duty may take a notion to get drunk on duty, and we do not intend to take any chances on having a drunken man tearing through the country at sixty miles an hour, endangering the lives of others. It is unfair both to the efployees in your servlee and to your patrons."

The culprit was discharged He can never be employed on a raf'road

### PASSION FOR GIN DRINKING

Historian Lacky Says Liquor Never Ceased to Be Counteracting Influence on Morals.

in his "England in the 18th Century," Lacky, the historian, says that about 1724 the passion for gin drink ing affected the masses and it spread with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic. "Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history it was probably, if we consider all the consequences which have flowed from it, the most momentous in the eighteenth century - incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annuls of the country. The fatal passion for drink was at once and irrevocably planted in the nation. Physicians declared that in excessive gin drinking a new and terrible source of mortality had been opened for the poor. Retailers of gin hung out signs that their customers could be made drunk for a penny and dead drunk for two pence, and that straw was provided free." latter referred to the custom of having straw in the cellars on which hose who had grown too drunk to get home could sleep of their potations He goes on to say that, "from the early years of the 18th century gin drinking has never ceased to be the main counteracting influence to the moral, intellectual and physical benefits that might be expected from increase commercial prosperity."

Temperance in Germany.

The cause of temperance is making steady progress in Germany, and according to the latest statistics just published there are over 140,000 mem bers of the different temperance associations throughout the country, the post important being the Internation al Order of Good Templars, with 40, on members, the Blue Cross associa tons with 23,000 members, and the Salvation army with 8.000 total abstainers. The greatest number of convear, in which time the interpational Order of Good Tempisers increased its membership by nearly 400 per cent.

## STATE CAPITAL DOINGS

Huston Sentenced.

Joseph M. Huston, of Philadelphia, architect of the State Capitol and of the furnishings and equipment, about which there has been so much scandal, was sentenced to imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than two years in the Eastern Penltentiary at Philadelphia and a fine of \$500 and costs. He had been convicted of conspiracy to defraud the State by certifying a false bill for desks for the building. The sentence was pronounced by Judge Kunkel, of the Dauphin County Court who sat in Huston's trial last spring Immediately after the sentence had been recorded counsel for Huston took an appeal to the Superior Court, sitting in Philadelphia, and asked that the appeal be made a supersedas. Huston was placed in the cus tody of the Sheriff and a bail bond of \$25,000 prepared. As soon as official notice of the granting of the supersedas was received Huston was released on bail until the higher court acts upon his appeal.

Holds on Full Term. The State Supreme Court decided that State Treasurer Charles Frederick Wright shall hold his position for the full term, which expires in 1913. An election for a successor will take place in 1912. Wright was appointed by Governor Stuart to succeed J. A. Stober, elected in 1909, but who died before qualifying. All the political parties have nominated candidates for State treasurer to be voted for in November, and the decision will necessitate changes in tickets, The quo warranto bill alleged that no vacancy existed because of the appointment by the Governor. Secretary of the Commonwealth Mc-Afee held that Wright was appointed to serve only until the next election, when the vacancy could be filled.

#### Capital Statutes Shipped.

George Gray Barnard, the sculptor, sent word through his American representative, Clayton Mayo, of New York, that the heroic marble groups intended for the main entrance to the Pennsylvania State Capitol have been shipped from France. The Board of Public Grounds and Buildings will make arrangements for the prompt forwarding of the statutes to Harrisburg after their arrival in New York. They will be stored here until the American representatives of the Italian firm that is to erect them are ready to proceed with the work, which will probably be within a few weeks.

#### Workmen's League Wins.

The Workingmen's League of Philadelphia is entitled to nominate a State ticket, and its certificate nominating the regular Republican State candidates is valid, according to a decision handed down by the Dauphin County Court. Representatives of the Keystone party objected to the league's nominations, asserting that it was purely a local party and therefore not entitled to enter the State campaign, and also that the convention which made the nomination was not properly constituted.

### Despondent Man Hangs Himself.

The body of Julius Oberman, a naturalized German, was found hanging from a tree at the south end of the city. He had hanged himself some time during the night, tying the rope around a limb and jumping off Oberman was a carpenter by trade but of late had been trying to make a living selling crayon portrait enlargements. He was despondent over lack of success.

## Wants Light Concern Restrained.

Attorney General M. Hampton Todd heard an application for a quo warranto to restrain the Citizens Light, Heat and Power Company, of Johnstown, from supplying electricity to four boroughs on the outskirts of Johnstown. The plaintiff, Joseph Caufield, contended that it did not

#### have charter rights in these towns. Klils Himself In Bank.

George Firestone, aged 32 shot himself through the head in the Parmers and Merchants' Bank, at Dillsburg, because of despondency over his business having burned out The bullet passed clear through his head and lodged in a desk. He died instantly.

### Governor Stays Execution.

Harrisburg.-Governor Stuart has respited the execution of John Balon Montgomery county, from October 27 to November 29, to allow the State Board of Pardons to act on his case

Sues Auto Owner For \$5,000.

An unusual suit was entered by Mrs. Lizzie W. Snyder, widow of George W. Snyder, against John L. Kuhn, ex-Councilman and a promin ent builder. It is charged Snyder was killed while on a business trip in Kuhn's automobile. She asks \$5,000 damages.

Governor Makes Appointments. Governor Stuart has named John C. Oliver, of Pittsburg, to be a trustee of the Morganza Reform School vice Isidore Coblens, resigned.

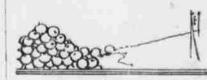
### Will Marry Brother's Widow.

Earl W. Hamilton, of Steelton took out a marriage license to wed Mrs. Eva Hamilton, the widow of his brother. The brother of the prospective groom, and husband of the bride, was killed to Steelton just a

To facilitate the handling of change a Washington man has patented a tray, binged in the center to enable it to tip either way, so that coins will slide from it.



ONLOOKER



well that he who perced
The pown which begins that way long
since came to his end.
The melancholy days, forsooth! The apples in the bin.
The grapes that are so full of juice to

The pawpaws growing greenish-brown and fat as butter-balls.

The black-haw plumping till at last from sheer delight it falls: nearly bursts their skin.

"The melancholy days" O, sniff tha

ambient atmosphere
And get the scent the jocund breeze is
wafting to im here—
The pungent spiciness and tang that
woos belated bees And tells us that somewhere today be-

neath the orchard trees
A copper kettle bubbles full of apple butter: Say!
What Juind of man could say this is a melancholy day?

O, let us weep because the gorgeous pumpith waxes fat.
There is a world of sadness in the very
thought of that.

Full soon we'll bring the pumpkin in and cut it into dice.

And put it on the stove and boil it maybe. once or twice.

Then later on we'll sit about the groaning board and sigh Because we lack capacity to cat the whole big pie!

How sad it is to contemplate the chang-

ing of the year, see the leaves upon the trees grows shrivelly and sere! How gloomy just to sit and think of turkeys getting big-

How can some people nowadays be merry as a grig?

O. It fills one' soul with wee and getse upon his nerves

To think of all the shelves that now are full of seed to full of good preserves!

"The melancholy days have come"-O, see these bitter tears!

these bitter tears:
The joyous hour for mincement ple with
every moment nears.
O. let the wintry blizzards blow, and
fetch your killing frost.
But bring the mincement scasses and the

world is not yet lost.

The melancholy days are near-But, brother, can't you gives.

The nectar of the golds is dripping from the cider press;

Music. The late Mr. Shakespeare said some severe things about the man who has no music in his soul and is not moved by concord of sweet sounds.

In his day and time Mr. Shakespeare

was doubtless right Mr. Shakespeare never heard a campaign band. No bannered warons. filled with tuba and cornet players ever rolled through the streets of Mr. Shakespeare's town, playing by rule of thumb while the banners exhorted the terrified hearers to vote for the

people's friend. Mr. Shakespeare never heard Gladys Montmorency play the plano after she had spent a year away from home at a finishing school and had failed to

get her finish. If Shakespeare had heard Gladys play and had realized that so far all she had gleaned from the field of harmony was the art of crossing her hands while rendering Old Black Jos with variations he might have writ-

ten a revision of his viridict. Music bath charms to scothe the savage breast, perhans, but there are times when it occasions the savagery

in the breast. Another indictment against music to that so often attempts are made to combine it with verses ending "Aud then to his old mother he did say." thus combining the two in a popular song of the day.

Followed Instructions.

"The patient in the private ward," says the house physician in the sanitarium, "complains that the watermelon you serve him isn't fit to eat." "I merely followed your instructions, sir," replies the nurse.

"My instructions?" "Yes, you said that he should have none but carbonated water, and so I am having all his matermelons charged with carbonic acid gas."

A Vienna Loaf.
"Yes, sir," said the veteran, who had been telling of marvelous excapes by flood and field, "yes, sir, many's the day I've told old Grant what would be the best move to make next. And many's the time Grant has said to me that no one could beat me on the long roll, for I was the best drummer in the whole army, endurin' the

"And," put in an envious fellow, "there ain't nobody that could heat the long loaf you have been takin' sence you got your pension."

Entitled to the Gold Medal. "You want to sell me an auto, do-ou? What sort of an auto is your

make? Has it got any kind of a record?" "Record? I should say it has! We've never turned out a machine that hasn't been stopped by the po-lice for too much speed. We guarana month for fast riding if you buy our

metura neadin